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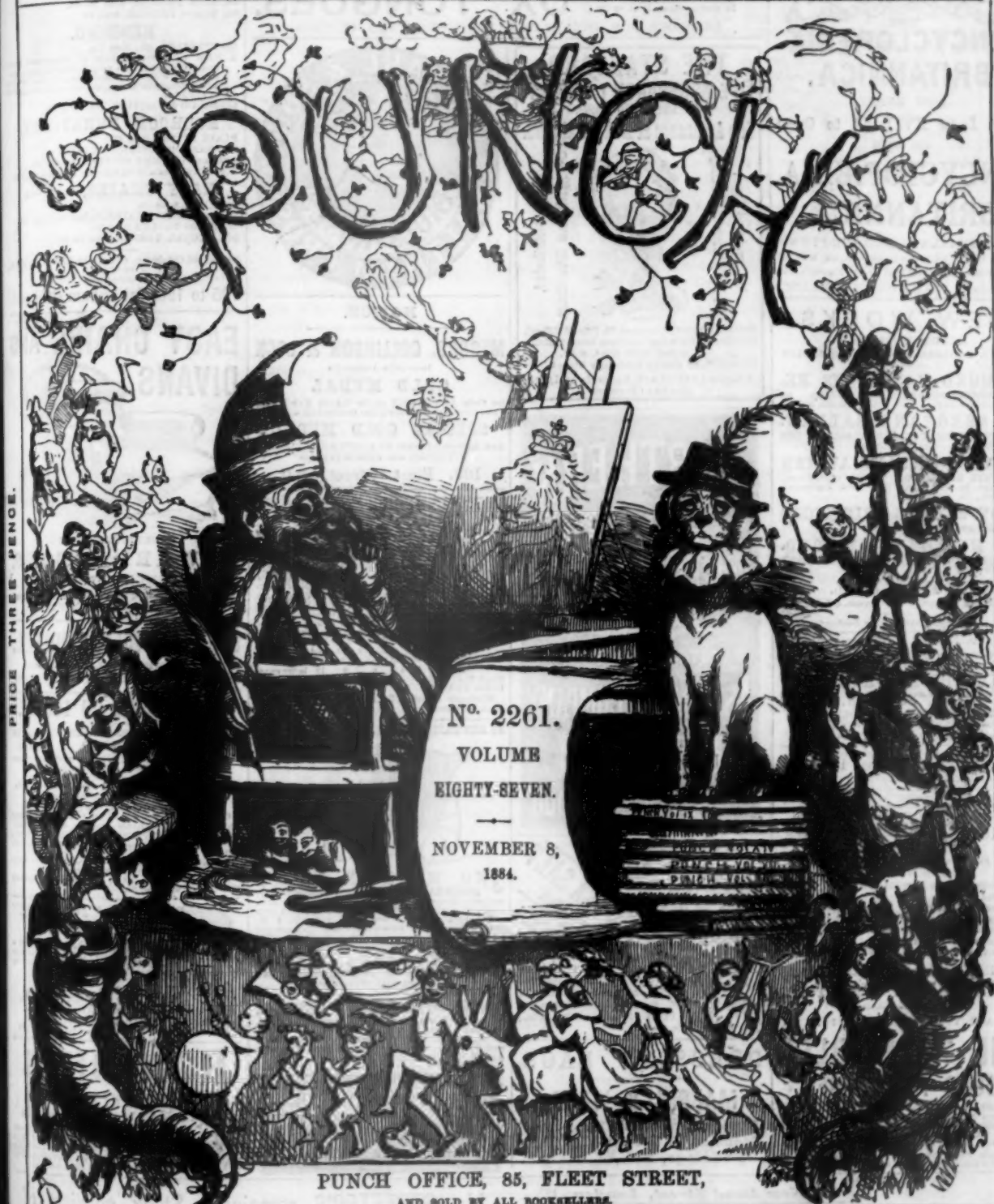
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THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

SEVERAL inaccurate descriptions of the Procession of the 10th having been recently published, it has been considered advisable to give the correct Programme. The following may be relied upon as authentic:—

Mounted Police clearing five-barred gates. City Police clearing their throats.

The Mayors of Brighton, Ramsgate, and Margate in Bathing Machines drawn by their own Horses.

A lot of people whom nobody knows in hired flys.

THE COMPANY OF POLITICIANS.

The PREMIER, Axing his way.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with Municipal Bill, arm-in-arm. One hundred Members of the House of Peers, in morning dress.

The old Chain Pier from Brighton in full armour.

The Faithful Wimbledon, Wandsworth and Putney Commons.

THE COMPANY OF PAINTERS.

Twenty Royal Academicians, in beautiful modern costumes, in a chariot *Drawn by Themselves!*

THE COMPANY OF WRITERS.

Lord TENNYSON, in his Inverness cape and coronet.

Professor RUSKIN, anyhow.

A round dozen of the Incorporated Society of Authors, assorted.

THE COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

Mr. TOOLE drawing a House.

Walking Gentlemen coming slowly as "Strollers."

The Jersey Lily and Lyceum MARY, as Sandwich Girls, carrying Somebody's Soft Soap.

THE COMPANY OF WARRIORS.

Our Only General, in his only uniform.

Our Only Admiral, a little out of date.

Ironclads on horseback. Each mounted on an old screw.

THE COMPANY OF ROYALTIES.

Royalties on Songs, Royalties on Books, Royalties on everything. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH as "The Susceptible Chancellor," followed by all THE JUDGES of Wine, of Pictures, of Plays, and THE JUDGE of the RACE in his own private box.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD MAYOR,

as "A POSITIVE," bearing banner with motto

"Photo de Mieux."

In his State Robes,

Supported by the Stereoscopic Company.

The Procession will be closed by

A NEGATIVE OF THE LATE LORD MAYOR

Accompanied by Band playing "Love for a Year!"

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING; OR, A PARLIAMENT OF BEASTS.

THE Beasts and the Birds were in Session. Desirous of expediting the somewhat slow progress of Natural Development, and of attaining the higher privileges of Manhood a few million years earlier than Darwinian doctrine might seem to render likely, they had determined upon taking hints from ÆSOP and ARISTOPHANES, defying the objection of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, and practising themselves at least in that vocal confabulation which is the pride and delight of advanced humanity.

They had, therefore, started—as an experiment—a Parliament of Beasts (including representative Birds and not shutting out selected Fishes)—whose business it was to discuss and—of course—to settle the affairs of the Animal Commonwealth. Never, since the time of Noah's Ark had there been such a Congress of Beasts. Their meeting-place was kept—or intended to be kept—a secret. But on the introduction of a Parliament and a Press into the Animal Kingdom, corrupt or careless Officialism and—let us say—"enterprising" Journalism could hardly be excluded, and, as in the case of the Draft Redistribution Bill, something somehow and through somebody somewhere, leaked out. In point of fact, Our Own Representative, disguised, like the celebrated Special Correspondent of Pandemonium, as a Cormorant, sat perched amidst the thick foliage of an adjacent tree during a portion of the sitting now to be described.

When our Representative arrived, the Lion, who had been appointed Premier, was expounding State Policy *ore rotundo*, and with true leonine eloquence and prolixity. He was, however, subjected to the unfamiliar rudeness of repeated interruption, which seemed not a little to surprise and irritate the crewlike King of Beasts. He had not been used to it, and, in ante-constitutional days, would have made exceedingly short work of any beast who attempted it. "Gentlemen," said he, glaring ferociously at a benignant-looking grey-bearded Billy Goat opposite him, "I shall endeavour—I say I

shall endeavour, to restrain myself within the limits of Parliamentary usage. But—

Here the Dodo rose to order, and appealed to the Speaker to know whether the utterance of the significant, not to say offensive word "But," with such ferocious emphasis, did not constitute a menace, full of murderous suggestiveness. He was proceeding to characterise it as an outrage worthy of the autocratic insolence of a GLADSTONE, when the Speaker, interposing, said that the Honourable Member for Marsh in comparing the Premier with a GLADSTONE, had himself far transcended the limits of Parliamentary decency. The Dodo, fluttering his wings wildly, protested that he had only spoken figuratively, and wanted to know whether what he had said was half as bad as comparing himself—Mr. DIDUS INEPTUS—as the Jackal had lately done, to a Lord JOHN MANNERS. (*Roars of laughter.*)

The Jackal hoped that the House would support the Chair, and protect the Premier against the malignantly feeble innuendoes of that antiquated defamer of his betters, the Dodo. A GLADSTONE, indeed! He himself would as soon be called a CHAMBERLAIN—than which no term of reproach—"Here he was interrupted by yells of, "You are! you are!" and began to foam at the mouth, and snap violently at the Mace. A scene of indescribable turmoil ensued, and, when it a little subsided from the sheer exhaustion of the antagonists, a diminutive but audacious Pug called the attention of the House to the fact that, during the debate, or howling match, whichever they liked to call it, the Hippopotamus, not satisfied with insultingly snapping his ugly tusks at him, had deliberately called him a cock-nosed CHURCHILL! (*Exclamations ad libitum.*) He did not wonder at Honourable Members being horrified. He never called names or used strong language himself. ("Oh, oh!" and "Order!" mingled with sounds like steam-whistles and the sharpening of saws.) He repeated, *Never!* But he must say that the observation of the Hon. Member for Mud-slop was worthy of nothing but a Hippopotamus or a HARCOURT!!! (*Sensation.*)

Here the Hippopotamus, rolling over on his side in simulated laughter, nearly settled his honourable friend the Ornithorhynchus, whose duck-bill wagged and snapped spasmodically at the squeeze. The Hyæna, openly deriding the sufferings of the poor Duckbill, was reminded by the Camel that they did not want the mannerless malignity of a BEEHIVE introduced into that House. This so infuriated the Hyæna, that he declared the Camel a Chimera-Cerberus, being as bad as a callous HARTINGTON, a sanguinary SPENCER, and a truculent TREVELYAN rolled into one.

This climax of truly Parliamentary personality was the signal for an utterly indescribable vocal uproar, of which our Cormorant-Correspondent, who was nearly shaken from his arboreal perch by the shindy, can only say that it was worthy of St. Stephen's at its best—or worst. The Lion, after vainly endeavouring to stem the furious flood of M.P.-like palaver by articulate remonstrances and menaces, fell back upon his more native gifts, and uplifted his voice in one vast thundering, re-echoing roar, which hushed the wordy tumult as if by magic, and left the House of Beasts, Speaker, Ministers, Opposition, Simian Fourth Party, and all, quaking in scared silence.

"Gentlemen," said the Lion,—"or rather to drop this detestable masquerade of humanity,—brother Beasts, this will never do! When DARWIN spoke of the *Descent of Man*, he evidently spoke advisedly. In the destined course of Development we may be driven to make that dismal descent. But let us not be mad enough, like those unfortunate Gadarene swine, to make it prematurely or precipitately. I, at least, will be no party to further imitation of Man and his ways, Parliamentary or otherwise. This disgraceful scene decides me. We have begun by calling each other human names; we shall end by *deserving* them. I declare this Assembly dissolved. If this House is not empty in two minutes—"

But in less than one the House was cleared, and our Correspondent scudding homeward with his copy.

The Equestrian Statues for Blackfriars Bridge.

HENRY THE FIFTH, EDWARD THE FIRST, EDWARD THE THIRD, the Black Prince, Sir ROBERT FITZ-WALTER are well enough in their way, but, after all, they are somewhat old-fashioned. For a modern bridge we want a modern hero. Sir JOHN BENNETT, on his palfrey, handsomely caparioned in velvet coat, white vest, cords, high boots, and low hat, as we sometimes see him on Derby Day, would be the very thing! Motto, "*Semper vigilans.*"—always on the watch. Let Messrs. BIRCH, THORNTON, BROCK, BELT, and ADAMS perpend, and send in their models without delay.

"WHAT MUST BE DONE."—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its Four Views of the English Navy, deduces from Mr. W. H. SMITH's remarks, that "those who rely on improvised Cruisers, rely upon a broken Reed." Rather hard on Sir EDWARD. Did he propose "improvised Cruisers?" He advocated ships which should be "impervious," not "improvised."



MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S "IN EXTREMIS."

"PONSONBY, DEAREST, THE CLAIMANT IS AT LARGE, AT LAST! DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT GET HIM TO COME AND DINE, OR SOMETHING! SURELY THERE ARE STILL SOME DECENT PEOPLE WHO WOULD LIKE TO MEET HIM!"

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

A FEW weeks ago I received a formidable-looking document endorsed "On Her Majesty's Service," which contained the astounding information that a friend, to whom I had lent a considerable sum of money "just for a week or two," had suddenly become what is called, I believe, a Bankrupt. There were four large sheets of paper, called, ROBINSON said, foolscap, filled with instructions for my guidance, of all of which I was peremptorily ordered, in large capital letters to TAKE NOTICE. My first notice was to attend the next day at a certain house in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, with particulars of my claim, and thither accordingly I went.

This being my first appearance in the character of a remorseless Creditor, I was, of course, just a little nervous, but, as the Poet says, "sedate to think and watching each event." My first difficulty was in finding the Office, there being no such number in the street as the one indicated, but perseverance and a friendly Policeman overcame it, and I entered. I was received by a Gentleman who was hastily devouring his lunch, but who, without pausing for a moment in his agreeable occupation, munchingly informed me that I must go round the corner, and get stamped and sworn. I went round the corner accordingly, and, after two failures, got stamped, but my natural nervousness caused me to put my stamp upside down, an act of unintentional disloyalty that, I trust, Her Most Gracious Majesty will forgive if she happens to notice it.

And now came my terrible trial. Having got stamped, I was now to be sworn. Following the instructions of "Second to the right, and third to the left," I found myself in an office of fair proportions, with two or three highly respectable-looking Clerks engaged in writing. They were so absorbed in their important avocation that, I presume, they did not notice my entrance, for they paid no heed to my presence. But I was in no hurry, so I quietly waited. Presently a fine, portly-looking fellow entered the office with a bright, cheerful glance, and asked, with an air of earnest inquiry, "Pray, Sir, is this the Perjuries' Office?" To which extraordinary inquiry the principal Clerk replied, without pausing in his writing, "No, Sir, this is the Oatheries!"

"Ah! that will do," said the other. "But I suppose I must take my turn?" Upon this, the Head-Clerk condescended to look up, and was immediately engaged in searching through a huge book, to discover, for a rather seedy and anxious-looking Gentleman, who had preceded me, the amount that his Debtor had been ordered to pay by the presiding Judge.

"I think," said the Clerk, with the slightest possible specimen of a twinkle in his eye, "that I have occasionally registered even more important judgments than this. He is ordered to pay half-a-crown a month."

"Just a penny a day!" said the portly-looking Gentleman.

"Just so," said the unmoved Clerk. And the seedy-looking Creditor retired, depressed and sad.

Turning to me, the Clerk took my stamped sheet of foolscap, and said, sharply, "Take the book!"

As the only book near me was a portly ledger, or cash-book, or some such thing, of gigantic dimensions, I naturally endeavoured to grasp that, when the cheerful-looking Gentleman pointed, with a smile, to a small volume in the corner, and I was sworn. Some strange hieroglyphics were written on my sheet of foolscap, and it was then returned to me, with the laconic instruction, "Go back to the place from whence you came, and lodge it."

The first portion of my instruction sounded so much like a portion of a sentence of death I once heard passed at the Old Bailey, that a cold shudder passed over me, which I fondly hope the portly Gentleman did not notice. I then returned to the place from whence I came. By this time the attendant had apparently finished his hasty luncheon, and, taking a glance at my stamped and sworn document, said, "That's all right. Now take it down-stairs, third to the left and first to the right, and lodge it."

I descended accordingly, and entered a room in which a rather juvenile Creditor was apparently seeking to obtain advice where advice was not to be had. It was in regard to what is called a Proxy. He had filled one up, and handed it to a first-class-looking Clerk, who threw it back, with the remark, "That won't do; it is too general."

"Will you kindly tell me," said the Juvenile Creditor, "how to alter it?"

"I am not here to advise," said the Clerk, "but simply to decide, and I decide that this won't do."

"What form should it assume?" asked the Creditor.

"A special form and not a general," was the reply.

"But how can I give a special power to act until I know what action is intended to be taken," said the Creditor.

"How should I know?" said the Clerk, "I am not here to advise, as I said before, but under this form your proxy would be empowered to do every possible thing that mortal man can do, and that cannot be what you mean, I should think." Then turning abruptly to me, he said, "Are you a Lodger?" I naturally repelled such a suggestion with some warmth, and replied, "Certainly not; I am a householder and a freeholder."

"Oh," he replied, "we don't want any silly joking here; they do all that at the Oatheries! So hand in your proof."

I did so, and departed, filled with admiration at the wonderfully successful manner in which the majesty of the Law is invoked to guide our thoughtless footsteps when once we venture to enter its sacred portals.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

"NIBBS" AT THE LYCEUM.

I SHALL have plenty to say in my next Letter to Some People on Other People's Business about the recent production of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum. At present, suffice it to remark that as Mrs. STIRLING's Nurse and Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING's Friar were the hits of the evening, the piece, so far, may be pronounced a Stirling success.

I rather fancy, however, that Mrs. KENDAL, who, when witnessing that rather strong performance at some theatre, insisted on her husband, who had regularly taken her in, taking her out again, would have quitted the Lyceum before the end of the Bedroom Scene in the Fourth Act. Even a most enthusiastically friendly audience was a bit exercised in its mind as to the proprieties. But as it was a Shakspearian and not a Criterion piece, why, you see that makes all the difference. The *mise-en-scène* reflects the greatest credit on the Hon. LEWIS Stage-cloth-sky-border-and-WING-FIELD. More, with illustrations, in my next.—Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT retire from management after the season. "O Happy, Happy, Happy Pair!" Of course Mr. BANCROFT's theatre will be, where it is now, in the market. Who'll come and buy? "I," says KENDAL, "I! It's the Be-all and the K-end-all of our existence." *Au revoir!* NIBBS.



OCTOBER OBSERVATIONS.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

No. XI.

Last Chapter (but one) that ends this strangely uneventful History.

WE three, CHIVERS, SPICER, and myself, are almost the last roses—or noses—for, with all our other ailments, that is a sore point



"Take away that Bourboule!"

with us) of Summer. "All our bloomin' companions," as the song says, have packed up their traps and gone. GUIGNOL still plays *Romeo and Juliette* and *Lucie de Lammermoor* to crowded audiences, but the Theatre is closed, the attendance at *les petits chevaux* is meagre, and around the Mascotte are gathered quite a little family party, with twenty sous each time on the table, the circle diminishing as one after the other reaches his limit of five francs.

The Band still plays, but there is no heart in the performance, and the Conductor is listless. A few adventurous spirits, well wrapped up, make a bold attempt at sitting out at the tables under the verandah of the Café, and try to appear as if they were enjoying their coffee and cigars. Some Ladies in thick mantles lend their aid in this ghastly attempt at galvanising the moribund season into a temporary life. It is useless. The Band shivers, and retires. The Waiters regard their customers with compassion. One after another the tables are left bare, and the chairs are empty. Then the wind and the Waiters have the Café all to themselves. The lights are gradually extinguished, and, the Waiters having departed, only the wind remains whistling round the corners, having all its amusement to itself, and enjoying it as only the wind can. But the tables and chairs have been removed, so even the wind, finding it has nothing to play with, drops off to sleep, or goes somewhere else,—for which I, personally, am profoundly thankful, as now my wood-fire will burn without filling the room with smoke, and compelling me to open the window, and risk another severe cold.

Cold! Ah, it is a place to catch cold in is La Bourboule! Never was a climate so variable.

If you walk, you must take care not to walk too fast, and not to stop and sit down; if you drive, you must have plenty of wraps; if you ride, you must keep on at an even pace.

Fortunate the invalid who at the end of ten days can walk or ride, the effect of the waters of La Bourboule (as far as our experience goes, I mean that of CHIVERS, SPICER, and self) being to make the patient fat and feeble, increased in weight, and indisposed to anything remotely resembling activity.

The invalid's appetite will be pretty good, but he is unable to gratify it to any great extent, the food being of an inferior quality. The *spécialité* of the La Bourboule cuisine seems to me to be a peculiar way of cooking everything with bad butter; its *chef d'œuvre* is a dish of tough mutton cutlets, gently grilled over a fire, which, judging from the flavour of the meat (when you can get one of the chops to yield to the pressure of a strong knife, used with all the muscular force of which an invalid is capable), must have been mainly composed of tallow candles.

After nearly three weeks of constant companionship our conversation is exhausted. CHIVERS makes a few attempts at repeating some stories which were excellent when we first arrived, but which have now lost their first freshness. On the third repetition of one of his best, both SPICER and myself stop him. After this, as newspapers are the only substitutes for conversation at breakfast, each

one brings his own journal or letters. We take no interest in anybody or anything. We are Lotos-eaters. We should like to break with La Bourboule, but haven't the energy. SPICER, who came last, and was the blithest and gayest of the gay, is now the most melancholy spectacle. He really ought not to be out of bed. The fact is that we are now really ill. We are down. I am suddenly aged; CHIVERS has the Eastern Despotie temperament quite taken out of him; he is humble, meek, mild, and no longer bewails the absence of a servant. His name is indeed Easy now. He is indifferent. Only let him sleep, and don't talk to him, and he is happy. He wakes up occasionally to discuss the politics of the day, but, as a rule, news from the outer world has ceased to have any effect even upon him. Only one thing has any real interest for him now, and that is the left hand side of the tip of his nose, which, considering all he has done for it, is not behaving as it should. The lobe of my right ear is causing me also some considerable trouble, and as to my nose, I am beginning to be thoroughly annoyed with it.

We stand before the glass; then we ask one another what each thinks of the other's nose. This is a prelude to breakfast, and it is the only semblance of conversation that remains.

Two mornings out of three I prefer CHIVERS's nose to mine. I tell him I think his nose is getting on admirably. How's mine? I ask. Oh, he is enchanted with my nose! he only wishes his nose were doing anything like as well. But surely, he says, reproachfully, I must be flattering when I tell him his nose is so much better.

I reply, rather indignantly, protesting that on such serious subjects I am not given to flattery, and that the last thing I should flatter would be anyone's nose, and I assert, honestly, that his nose is making great progress, is in first-rate condition, and is just the sort of nose that he, with his peculiar constitution, ought to expect it to be after using the La Bourboule waters up to this point. But, I add, whatever he may say to the contrary, I cannot accept what he has told me as to the appearance of my own nose in such satisfactory condition as being any index as to its real state.

"But, my dear fellow," protests CHIVERS, "your nose is—I give you my word of honour—your nose is twenty per cent. better than when you came."

Secretly, I am delighted to hear this, but I will not let my joy be seen, lest the delight of the morning may be turned into the grief of the afternoon. All I permit myself to reply is that, and I say it in a sad tone, I am glad to hear what he says about my nose, but he must allow me to know best about my own nose, not as to how it looks, but as to how it feels.

That it looks well, I admit—fairly well, at all events, the sunset here having yielded to a delicate salmon pink—but that it feels better is what I cannot allow any man to be a better judge of than myself.

Here SPICER, who has got no nose to speak about—I mean that it is his throat and not his nose which is his weak point—throws in the apt quotation of—

"Says AARON to MOSES,
Let's cut off our noses.
Says MOSES to AARON—"

CHIVERS interrupts him with the air of a man inspired, and who can't wait to be asked, as he'll lose his inspiration for ever,—

"Says MOSES to AARON,
Let's go to La Bourboule."

And then it occurs to him that the inspiration has deceived him, that a false voice has spoken to him, and that "La Bourboule" does not rhyme with "AARON." "But no matter," says CHIVERS—"the idea's all there, and the rhyme will come afterwards. My name's Easy."

SPICER has developed into a walking cold. His nose doesn't trouble him—that is the exceptional thing in his cold. It is the gigantic cold of a man without a nose, or of a man to whom the medium of a nose affords no relief. He has become so hoarse as to be almost unintelligible, and so husky as to suggest that he must have been eating a pound of nuts during the night. What an



Reflection at La Bourboule. The Last Nose of Summer.

occupation! Unfortunately CHIVERS has developed deafness; and so when SPICER, having addressed any remark to him, has to repeat it, not once or twice, but three or four times, the last time causes him a great effort. How SPICER keeps his temper, and loses his voice, is wonderful to me. For instance, SPICER asks, huskily, something which, to CHIVERS, sounds like nothing at all, and to me sounds as unintelligible as this sentence, which will carry some sort of idea of my meaning (but not of SPICER'S):—"Havellrel Giallaltulspee shesday?"

CHIVERS, awaking to the fact that an observation has been addressed to him by SPICER, turns suddenly to him, and asks, "Eh? What?"

SPICER, with an air of fatigue, repeats the above sentence, when CHIVERS turns to me, as if asking me to interpret. I can't.

"I'm very sorry," says CHIVERS, with the forced politeness of a man who has been disturbed in the perusal of a deeply interesting article, as he puts his hand up to his ear, "but I really don't catch—"

SPICER rolls in his chair, as if working up steam for the next effort, leans over towards CHIVERS, and placing his hand to his mouth, as if he were hailing somebody a mile off, shouts, more hoarsely than ever—the voice coming up as if through a hubble-bubble pipe when you blow down it instead of drawing—"Have you read GLADSTONE'S speech yesterday?"

But CHIVERS is horribly deaf. "Eh?" he says, looking up at SPICER as if to gather from his expression of face what he has been saying, and so save him the trouble of repeating it.

SPICER is perspiring—he can't stand the exertion—he mops his face, and is preparing for a supreme effort of bawling, when I inform CHIVERS, in a mild undertone, that what SPICER wants to know is whether he (CHIVERS) has read GLADSTONE'S speech yesterday.

CHIVERS regards me with a puzzled expression, and says, "Eh? What? GLADSTONE?" Then, when the question asked five minutes ago suddenly dawns upon him, he becomes as radiant as if he had guessed a difficult acrostic, and nodding pleasantly to SPICER, to intimate that all's well that ends well, he repeats, "Read the speech of GLADSTONE?" Oh, yes. Wonderful, wasn't it? Eh?"

And there the conversation ends, SPICER lying back in his chair, wiping his forehead, and too exhausted to utter another syllable for the next quarter of an hour.

Then CHIVERS takes up his *Gil Blas*, and I take up the *Gaulois*, and so we merrily pass half of our breakfast-time.

I feel that there is no encouragement to get up a conversation with two companions, of whom one is deaf, and the other very nearly has a fit whenever he tries to speak plainly.

Thus it is that we are getting down, depressed, low, disappointed with everything. The diet is not exhilarating. Of the *cin du pays*, which we call "the Generous," the only thing to be said is, that there's not a headache in a bucket of it—mind, I distinctly emphasize *head-ache*.

We have no general conversation, for the reason above stated; and the only topic of interest is our health. SPICER hasn't even got this, as his health seems to have completely broken down, and the *traitement* with him as absolutely a failure. He has to give it up, and directly his cold is better, and he can render himself intelligible without too severe a strain, he will go away from La Bourboule "for ever!"

THE "MORE OR LESS ASSISTANCE" TARIFF.

(Compiled by Lord R. Grosvenor.)

SERVICE RENDERED.

ARTICLE in support of the Egyptian policy of the Government.

Long Correspondence, defending the condition of the Navy.

A carefully-considered condemnation of the action of the House of Lords.

Personal praise of any Member of the Administration other than the PREMIER.

Personal praise of Mr. GLADSTONE.

SPECIAL INFORMATION REWARD.

Paragraph about Mr. GLADSTONE reading the Lessons.

List of movements of Ministers during the Recess.

Advance-Sheets (on Tuesday and Friday afternoons) of the *Army Gazette*.

Early official information of probable changes and appointments.

Every Cabinet secret in advance for a twelvemonth.

SAND-WITCHES AND THEIR CHARMS.—A Correspondent wrote to the *Times* to protest against the appearance of "Sandwich Girls" in Regent Street. The "Sandwich Girls" having heard of this, want to know if they can prosecute the writer for libel. The objectionable person they conclude must have been a visitor in the neighbourhood of Deal or Dover who had been paying his addresses, and, being regularly snubbed, quitted his hotel without paying anything else.

BRIGHTON IN NOVEMBER.

(By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.)

THICK fog in London—smothered in smoke—see nothing—meet nobody! Victoria—ten-o'clock Pullman—light a weed—trifle with *Times*—sold the smoke—jockeyed the fog, and here we are! Brilliant sunshine at Brighton—see everything—meet everybody—sparkling sea—serene sky—pure air—ozone—well known—delightful very! Tremendous appetite—lunch MUTTON's—simple snack—turtle soup—cold punch—suit old *Pickwick*—friend of J. J.'s ancestor—drink to memory—affecting reminiscence—excuse manly tear—on we go! King's Road crowded—Esplanade crammed—Bright Brigade—marvellously mounted—rare and fair—trim and alim—happy riding-master! Everyone in good spirits—dowagers in carriages—damsels in dog-carts—invalids in Bath-chairs—babies in goat-chaises—pretty maidens in sealskin—saucy schoolgirls in frills! Liviermen on horseback—quivery men on bicycle—itinerant musician on accordion—policemen on duty—loungers on foot. Brown and bronzed—laughing and chaffing—hale and hearty—quite the Health Exhibition! Lots of light amusements—lawn-tennis at Hove—baths at BRILL's—headers at HODDEN's—hair-cutting at TRUENITT's—hare-hunting on Downs—Electric Railway in Madeira Road! Art-Loan Exhibition—china and curiosities—plate and pictures—bronzes and *bric-à-brac*—improving—very! Afternoon hops at Pavilion—Mrs. NYE CHART's Theatre—Aquarium—GINNETT's Circus—concerts at Dome—Song, "There's no place like Dome"—promenading the Pier—new sea-wall—band in Birdcage—pleasant sheltered seats—lounging on Lawns—flirting and laughing—scandal and smoking—amusing—very! East Street—shops splendid—photographs and flowers—bon-bons and bonnets—music and millinery—boots and ballads—toys and trivialities! TREACHER's Library—polite Mrs. CLIFFORD—lots of new novels—well provided—food for mind! Orleans Club—well-ordered dinner—food for body—good company—excellent wines—can't be bothered to write any more—here I am—don't worry—expect me when you see me—send cheque—Doctor says I require rest—mustn't take ozone neat—a pint of Pommery at luncheon to qualify ozone—all mental strain to be avoided—must obey Doctor's orders—so no more at present from your devoted J. J.

THE Lord Mayor Elect's favourite tale in the *Arabian Nights* is *Camelherdman*. His Lordship is a stickler for the rights of the ancient Corporation, and defies Sir WILLIAM to cut the Gordian Nottage.



A YOUNG HAMLET.

[Had GARRICK hit on Mr. WILSON BARRITT'S idea of making *Hamlet* quite a youth, and at the same time held with certain critics that his costume should have been of the period of the performance, i.e., in SHAKESPEARE'S time, Elizabethan, in CHARLES'S, Caroline, and so forth, we have a fine example of how the youthful H.R.H. Prince *Hamlet* might have been dressed, in the picture of "A Young *Orickster*," by GAINSBOROUGH, of which an admirable print appeared in MACMILLAN'S *English Illustrated Magazine* for last September.]

"High Spirits."

OUR Versatile PREMIER—not so called because he usually wears a bad hat, or, at all events, a worse tile than anybody else—attended a spirit-writing *séance*, at a Mr. EGLINTON'S, last week, and expressed his agreement with *Hamlet*, to the effect that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in Brummagem philosophy, or, as he is reported by the *P. M. G.* to have observed that he believed, "in the existence of forces of which we as yet"—this was last Wednesday—"know little or nothing." But next day the Chamberlain-Churchill cock-fight was on, and the PREMIER'S opinion was marvellously confirmed.

WHAT EVERYBODY SENT LAST WEEK TO MR. PUNCH'S OFFICE.—"How short-sighted Mr. CHAMBERLAIN must be to have mistaken a Wolff for a Jackal!" So now it's in print, and everybody's satisfied.

DIFFERENT NAMES FOR THE SAME THING.—Some people talk about "the bill of fare," others say "the menu." Our Special School-boy calls it the Prog-ramme.



DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

(It makes Danvers assent to opposite propositions, and thereby pass for a person of undecided views.)

Miss Oriana. "DON'T YOU HATE THE SEA-SIDE, MR. DANVERS, WITH ITS GLARE AND NOISE, AND NIGGERS, AND GENERAL VULGARITY?"

Danvers (fervently). "OH, D-D-D-DON'T I, THAT'S ALL!"

Miss Lilian. "WHAT, HATE THE SEA-SIDE, MR. DANVERS!—WITH THE FRESH AIR AND BLUE WAVES, AND THE DELIGHTFUL LOUNGE AFTER BATHING, AND THE LAWN-TENNIS AND THE CINDERELLA DANCES! I DOAT ON IT, AND I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU DID TOO!"

Danvers (still more fervently). "OH—I—I—I SHOULD THINK I DID!"

THE UNCONSCIOUS GUY FAWKES;

OR, IN THE WRONG CELLAR.

A Song of the Season and the Session.

AIR—"Guy Faux."

I SING a song of foolishness, of GUY FAUX, chief of sinist'rs,
Who fain would blow the Commons up, the PREMIER and his
Ministers:

That is, he piles combustibles as he were game to do it;
Let's hope he'll be prevented, or he'll be the first to rue it.

A sort of GUIDO FAUX *pour rire* he seems for all his swaggering,
Displaying boylike rashness that to thoughtful men is staggering.
That is, it would be staggering, and Statesmen wiser, truer riler,
But that he's played so many games, and most of them so puerile.

Although he's bearded like the pard, and looks all fierce virility,
At least as a Conspirator he shows some juvenility.
That is, the juvenility of urchins who complacently
Will let off squibs and crackers when combustibles adjacent lie.

If you should call him GUY FAUX, he'd deny it quite indignantly.
None could regard the House of Lords more fondly and benignantly.
That is, whilst they will follow him; and any plans explosive
About them he'd repudiate with invective most corrosive.

But there's a horrid Incubus, a Demogorgon hideous,
Who dominates the country by his blandishments perfidious.
That is, he artfully pretends that he the Country dominates,
Though everybody—more or less—his rigid rule abominates.

His crafty head to blast from him and skyward swiftly send it sure,
Would justify, in gunpowder, a very large expenditure.

That is, if some perchance might shrink from sheer decapitation,
At least to blow him from his seat would gratify the Nation.

And so—and so, to mine below the Commons-swaying throne of him,
Might end at least in bursting up the power overblown of him.
That is, the game is worth a try, and—well, if not a bit of him
Remain to tell the dreadful tale, the Commons are well quit of him.

The stars in their calm courses may be confidently trusted
To fight against this Lucifer until his rule is "busted."
That is, one might feel confidence in influences stellar,
But our poor unconscious GUY FAUX has got into the wrong cellar!

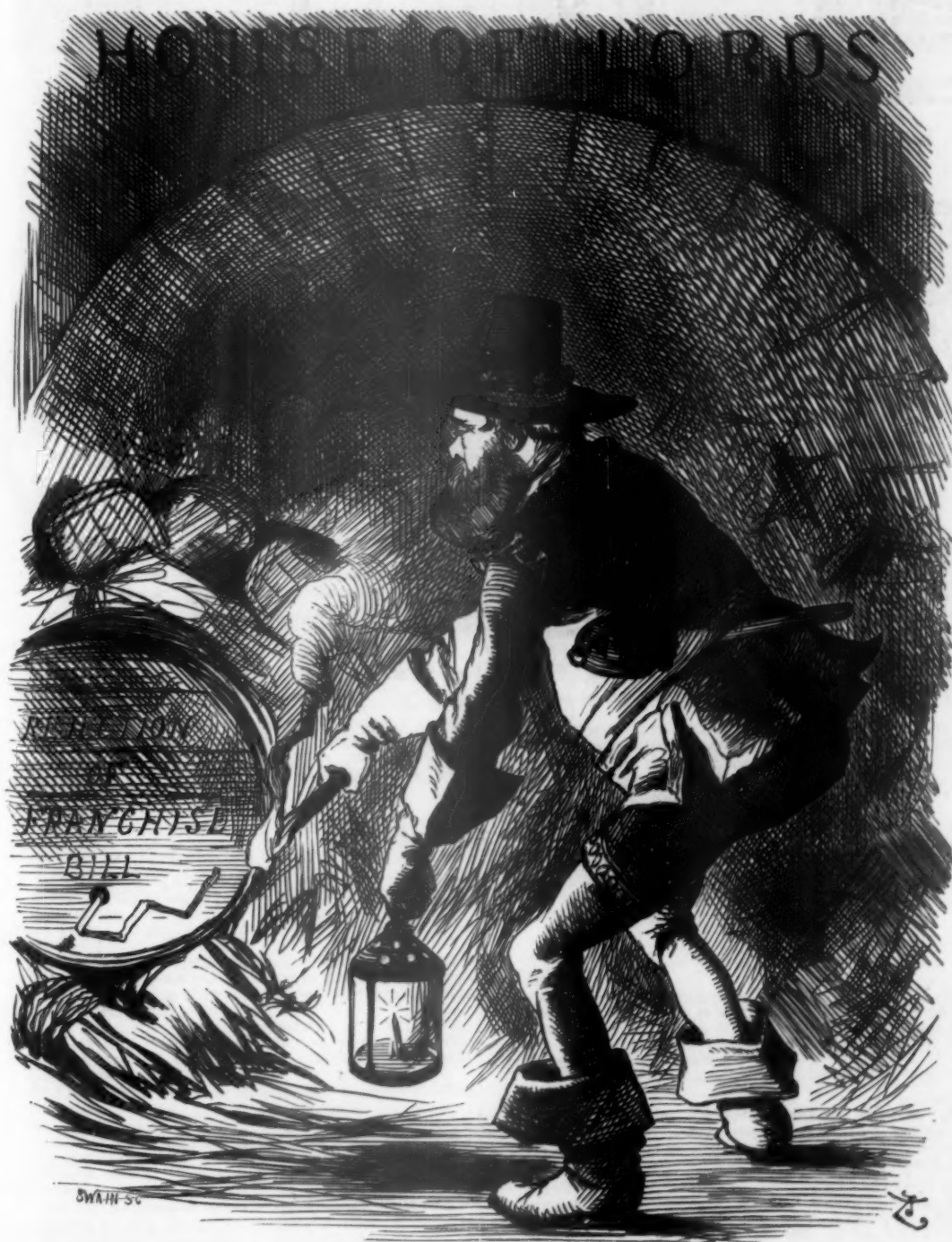
It is the House of Lords, alas! that he is mining under,
And it and he will presently go up in flame and thunder.
That is, they may in flame go up, if GUY FAUX do not falter;
But we'll hope at the last moment his explosive plan he'll alter.

A Perfect Treasure.

THE damsel who puts the subjoined in the *Daily Telegraph* must surely be a descendant of Mr. WILLIAM TAYLOR's young friend who "follered arter, under the name of WILLIAM CARE":—

AUSTRALIA.—Young Person would return to Australia, as nurse or useful maid. Good sailer and dressmaker.

"Good sailer and dressmaker"! What a combination of talents! A girl who could not only reef, bear a hand, go aloft, heave the lead, and claw off a lee-shore, but who could cut out frocks, plan *polonaises*, and build bonnets—in short, who was A.B. at millinery as well as seagirlship, is a treasure very seldom to be met with on a long voyage.



THE UNCONSCIOUS GUY FAWKES.





THE THREE HERBERTS.

A GROUP FOR LORD MAYOR'S SHOW DAY. HERBERT BISMARCK MAJOR, HERBERT GLADSTONE MINOR (ENFRANCHISED), HERBERT REEVES MINIMUS.

IMPERIAL CACKLE; OR, WANTED A GAG.

WITH a view to further loyally facilitating the dispatch of important public business, and at the same time enabling Ministers to utilise promptly and reasonably, and for the sole purpose for which it was set apart, the valuable time now being so cheerfully devoted by both Houses of the Legislature to the holding of an Autumn Session, the subjoined Parliamentary Notices (with "more to follow") will, as soon as the current entertaining List is exhausted, take their place on the Notice Board.

QUESTIONS.

To ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether there is any foundation for the report that he has sanctioned a special grant out of the Secret Service Money, for supplying Her Majesty's recently-appointed representative at the Court of Berlin with a new silk umbrella, fitted travelling-bag, and pair of second-hand dancing-boots on his presenting his credentials to the German Emperor?

To ask the First Lord of the Treasury whether his attention has been directed to the existing quiescent condition of several of the larger groups of Volcanoes in the South Pacific, and whether it is the intention of Her Majesty's Government to take any immediate steps, either by negotiation or otherwise, to bring them again as soon as possible into a state of active eruption?

Whether it is true that, several of the weathercocks on the older City Churches refusing to turn no matter from what quarter the wind blows, the First Lord of the Treasury, on being informed of the fact, made use of a violent expression?

To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty if there is any foundation for the report that the Lord Chancellor purchases his shirt-collars, second-hand, from the Prime Minister.

To ask whether it is the intention of the Government to appoint a Commission to inquire into the condition of the Adulterated Raspberry Jam trade in Central Africa?

To ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether he has received any information as to the appearance at Battersea of a large specimen of the Blue-mottled Dragon Flea of Ecuador (*Scorillus Simpsons*), and what steps, if any, he is prepared to take personally to catch it?

To ask the First Lord of the Treasury what progress is being made in the way of scientific discovery at the bottom of the Mid-Atlantic.

As to the alleged slipping down of a Magistrate, on a piece of orange-peel, on the North-Western Coast of Ireland?

To ask the Secretary of State for War whether he has ever officially made the ascent of Primrose Hill on Sunday afternoon.

VERSES

Supposed to have been written by Salisbury Selkirk, during his solitary abode in a Desert Chamber.

I AM monarch of all I survey;
My facts there are none to dispute;
I can sneer in my nastiest way,
And the Government Benches are mute.
Oh, why do I constantly sit
In this roofless and desolate house?
For the Peers have had "notice to quit,"
And 'tis left to the spider and mouse.

I am out of Democracy's reach,
My place the political shelf,
Never hear the sweet sound of a speech—
Except those I make to myself.
The policemen who haunt Palace Yard
My form with indifference see;
To a Marquis they pay no regard,
Which seems dreadfully "bad form" to me.

Ye joys of attack and defence,
And craft of the tongue and the brain,
Oh! had I had prudence and sense,
I soon might enjoy you again!
My sorrows I then might beguile
By assailing those Brummagem "Reds,"
Could rejoice in the wit of ARGYLL,
And tear DERBY's wisdom to shreds.

Oh, GRANVILLE! I wish I had known
What pleasure there lay in your talk,
Then I should not be pining alone
Where I once was the cock of the walk!
But the sound of the Lobby-going ball
These moth-eaten seats never hear,
Never fill at the voice of a "Swell,"
Or empty when dinner-time's near!

To inquire whether the Government have under consideration the calling of a European Conference to discuss the future of the Potted Conger-Eel trade in the Burlington Arcade.

To ask if the Colonial Secretary has anonymously received any private and special information as to the manufacture of a certain popular and much-advertised Soap.

To ask of the First Lord of the Admiralty whether it is true that the Commander of Her Majesty's ship *Punchoon* has reported that he noticed not only the North Foreland Light, but the lighthouse itself, rapidly revolving as he passed it the other evening after dinner, and if so, what steps he purposes taking to prevent a repetition of the occurrence.

And—to ask the First Lord of the Treasury if he entertains any well-conceived plan of so far limiting and controlling the interminable obstructive cackle of the Second Chamber of the Legislature as to save it from the reproach of being very soon universally known and recognised, not as the British House of Commons, but as *The St. Stephen's Goose-Club*.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN the *St. James's Gazette* of the 20th October there is a sentence which deserves to be written in letters of gold, and which will bring balm to the bosom of many a much misunderstood, temporarily embarrassed, but highly honourable victim of passing impetuosity. Thus it reads:—

"There is nothing essentially disreputable in indebtedness."

Quite so! I always felt it, in spite of the cold censure of the crowd, and the prejudiced judgment of the too tenacious holders of half-crowns. But it is well—you see, vastly well—to have it on almost oracular and quite epigrammatic record as the unbiased and unsolicited verdict of a Great Public Organ! How it would gladden the heart of WILKINS MICAWHER! He, myself, and all of my kind, must feel a great "indebtedness"—in which, I trust, there is "nothing essentially disreputable"—to that nobly outspoken Journal, an indebtedness which I, for one, gladly take this opportunity of acknowledging.

Yours enthusiastically,
JEREMY DIDDLEB.

P.S.—I may mention—in confidence—that I intend to call on the Editor of that Journal to-morrow with a copy of the issue containing this noble sentiment in my hand, and—will increase that "indebtedness"—(which is *not* essentially disreputable)—to the extent of a half-a-crown or so. I confidently anticipate the warmest of welcomes.



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

His Master. "DID YOU TAKE THOSE BOOTS OF MINE TO BE SOLED, LARRY!"

Irish Valet. "I DID, SOB; AND SEE THE THRIFFLE THE BLAGYARD GIVE ME FOR'M!—SAID THEY WAS FURTY NIGH WORE THROUGH!"

THE "DOOK" AND HIS DOOTY.

[The Duke of CAMBRIDGE has been offered the Crown of Brunswick by the German Government. His Royal Highness declares that nothing on earth will induce him to give up the Horse Guards while he continues fit for the work there.—*Society Gossip.*]

SCENE—Private Room of His Royal Highness at the War Office. H.R.H. discovered finishing his lunch, and giving directions to his Private Secretary.

His Royal Highness (throwing over a bundle of papers). And now, my Lad, I don't want to be disturbed for an hour. Fact is, I have promised to write an article upon "Dress" for the *Sunday Times*. You don't happen to know anything about the Paris fashions, eh?

Private Secretary. I believe, Sir, they are wearing fur a good deal.

H.R.H. (taking a note of the fact). Wearing fur, are they? Well, now be off, and, like a good fellow, don't let me be disturbed. (*Commences writing, and then reads to himself.*) "A lady's dress I saw at a wedding was completely covered with fur." (*Looking up, and seeing Private Secretary.*) Eh! not gone? What's the matter?

Private Secretary. The fact is, your Royal Highness, a foreign officer, in a German uniform, has been waiting to see you all the morning. We told him you were busy, but he wouldn't go.

H.R.H. (indignantly). Bless me! Wouldn't go! Why didn't you call one of the sentries in the area, and have him turned out?

Private Secretary. Because, Sir, he mentioned the name of Prince VON BISMARCK, and we thought that perhaps Lord HARTINGTON (who has to attend a Cabinet Council this afternoon) would rather we used no personal violence to a friend of the German Chancellor.

H.R.H. (angrily). Bless BISMARCK! (*Toning down.*) But perhaps you are right. Don't want to get HARTINGTON into a row, of course. Very annoying, though. Just got into the swing of my article for the *S. T.* Well, bring him here. (*Exit Private Secretary, who returns ushering in Foreign Officer, who prostrates himself to kiss the carpet near the Duke's feet.*) Hullo! Get up, I say, you Sir! That kind of thing is well enough in Germany, but it won't do here!

Foreign Officer (slowly getting up). *Königlich Majestät!*

H.R.H. Stop, stop! None of that foreign lingo over here! Speak English like a Christian. I don't mean a Prince CHRISTIAN.

Foreign Officer. I speak him one very leetle, your Great Mightiness. I salute your Great Mightiness in the name of the KAISER. (*Again prostrates himself.*)

H.R.H. (getting out of his way). Stand up, Man, and leave my boots alone. All that sort of thing is well enough on the other side of the Channel, but it won't do over here. And look sharp—(*pointing to article on Dress*)—can't you see how busy I am?

Foreign Officer (getting up). I do come, your Great Mightiness, to offer you 'one leetle throne. The KAISER—(*throws an obsequious somersault at mention of the name*)—begs you, with a thousand crawls, the crown of Brunswick to take.

H.R.H. Bosh! What do I want with the Crown of Brunswick! Besides, I could scarcely ever be over there. (*Considering.*) Might have the Army over here now and then, and brigade 'em in the Summer on a Saturday with the Guards at Wimbledon. That wouldn't be half bad. (*Hesitating.*) But, you see, I don't like neglecting my duty. I have such a lot to do in this place that I can scarcely ever get away, except to shoot a little, or drink the waters for the gout. You see, as Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, the British Army—

Foreign Officer. But your Great Mightiness—as Crown Duke of Brunswick you would the British Army him no longer command.

H.R.H. (aghast). What! Do I hear right! What, me—I—GEORGE CAMBRIDGE not command the British Army! Oh, bless me! Bless you! Oh, my! Oh, bless everything!

[*Scene closes in upon the Dook's explosion.*]

Pot and Kettle.

(*Some way after Sheridan.*)

SMART CHURCHILL, 'cute CHAMBERLAIN flouting and slanging. His speeches compares to a cracked tin-pot clanging. The mode in which RANDY the argument carries on suggests to tired hearers another comparison. For noise and for nuisance the claims who may settle 'TWIXT CHAMBERLAIN's pot and Lord RANDOLPH's old kettle? For, alas! as a source of detestable din, Men find sounding brass quite as bad as cracked tin.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FROM A DESIGN BY A JAPANESE ARTIST.

House of Commons, Monday Night, October 27th.—Getting on nicely with our illustrations from Natural History. On Friday CHAMBERLAIN called WOLFF a Jackal. To-day RANDOLPH calls CHAMBERLAIN a Badger, and CHAPLIN tried to get on by reference to the Hyena. But CHAPLIN a little heavy for this work. Isn't in the game where a light touch is required. Not quite sure that we're not a little reckless. If the Jackal is used up on Friday and the Badger goes on Monday, it is clear that with ordinary prolongation of the Session there will be nothing left in the menagerie.

The Irish Members, attracted by this new delight of Parliamentary Debate, are likely to go in wholesale. Should not be forgotten that it was an Irish Member who introduced new diversion. Jackal is good, and Badger not bad; but for sonorous phrasing and graphic touch, Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN'S "young Sea-Serpent from County Clare" hasn't yet been equalled. MACFARLANE has already called JOSEPH GILLIS an Ourang-Outang, JOEY B. retorting by denouncing MACFARLANE as "a carpet-bagging Chimpanzee."

Irish Members on again to-night about Maamtrasna Murders. Speeches very long, and not very clear. As far as I can master the story, EARL SPENCER seems to be the real criminal, and TREVELYAN an active accomplice. In order to hide their own guilt, they kept back evidence, suborned witnesses, and so hung an innocent man, and sent five others to penal servitude.

Parnellites, of course, horrified at such a state of things. MITCHELL HENRY insists that the shock has come to them a little late. When the country shuddered under details of this cowardly and brutal murder, not one word was said by these avengers of justice in denunciation of the crime, or in pity for the victims. Only now, when they find that LORD SPENCER and TREVELYAN having made elaborate preparations for proving an *alibi*, were the real murderers, does the affair interest them. Still, that does not seriously detract from credit due to them, or from pleasure with which we hear lofty sentiments from their lips.

Great Hat Question settled. When Queen's Speech read last

Thursday, CHILDERS joined two Irish Members in keeping on his hat. Irish Members did it for patriotic reasons. CHILDERS did it nobody knew why, unless he were caught napping. Turns out, however, that CHILDERS was right, and everybody else wrong. We take off our hats when direct message from the QUEEN reaches House. But when it comes by House of Lords we keep them on if we please. This being settled, may go on with Debate on Franchise Bill, Egypt, Transvaal, and other minor matters.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Tuesday Night.—JOSEPH GILLIS going about Corridor to-night, with natural beauties heightened by white (or rather coffee-coloured) handkerchief tied round jaws.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Another Agarian outrage, or only toothache?"

"Neither," said JOEY B., through the pocket handkerchief. "Fact is, been on the smile for hours. Can't do a smile like mine for long time on stretch, without sufferin'. Them little openin's of the month, that you call a smile, ain't nothin'. It's when you come, as I may say, to separate your chin from your nose by a cavern four inches long, and keep at that from five o'clock till midnight, that you begin to know what's what, and hanker after something to tie up your jaws with."

"Then why do it? Why not put on the break, as it were, and save yourself an inch?"

"Not on a night like this, TOBY, if I suffer for it after. Don't know when I enjoyed myself so much. To sit here and yell at



AFTER THE BATTLE.

Historical Design for the Town Hall, Birmingham.

GLADSTONE; to call out 'Murderer!' when SPENCER is mentioned, and to howl when TREVELYAN's name comes up, is worth anything. If I was to do it out of House might be awkward. If they didn't think worth while to prosecute for libel, some honest man might kick me. But quite safe here. Do what you please, say what you like, and don't let anyone that differs from you say anything at all. That's our notion of how to do it. Makes me smile from pure joy. Happiness complete if I could only pinch somebody. Wanted to strike off bargain with ARTHUR O'CONNOR. Give him a lift home in hansom, if he'll let me give him occasional pinch, just to relieve feelings. Says he'll walk home first. But we'll see when it rains. Must go off and block a few Bills."

Maamstrana affair on to-night. GLADSTONE couldn't be kept out of it. Made a speech that beat all the lawyers for subtle point and close handling. CHARLES RUSSELL rose to reply. But Tin Pot O'CONNOR thought he could do it better, and thrust himself in.

"The lamest, weakest, and most halting speech I ever heard," he said, disposing of GLADSTONE in a single sentence.

"That's what the ferret said when the lion roared," says young STANHOPE, fresh from now fashionable study of natural history.

At midnight looked in to see how things going. Found CALLAN on his legs, stumbling over the word "Excellency," for which he maladroily took a fancy.

"Thought CALLAN was dead," I said to GINSON, who was standing at Bar. "Wasn't there something about a dog biting him?"

"Yes," said GINSON, "but it was the dog that died."

Business done.—Attempt to make House of Commons Court of Criminal Appeal defeated by 219 Votes against 48.

Wednesday.—Old friend, NIKKO-DIABUTES, in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery this afternoon. Tells me he's come over from Japan to study our House of Commons.

"We're going to have our own House soon, you know," he said, as we sat in the Gallery and chatted, whilst melancholy monotone of HICKS-BEACH sorrowfully filled the saddened air. "You know our Ministers, INOUE and ITO? Beautiful; very well. They want to have House of Commons just like yours, so they say, 'NIKKO, you go off and study that venerable Institution.' Been studying it now for a week. Heard your CHAMBERLAIN call your WOLFFS a Jackal. Next night heard your RANDOLPHS call your CHAMBERLAIN a Badger. Heard your JOSEPH GILLIS call your Earl of SPENCER a Murderer; heard your TIM HEALY tell your TREVELYAN that he's murdered a man whose ghost will haunt his pillow; seen your Grand Old Man buffeted by noisy nonentities from Ireland, and heard your RANDOLPHS accuse a Cabinet Minister of inciting to riot. Japan now a quiet, respectable country. Don't know how we should be if we had this sort of thing going on at Tokio. Shall advise INOUE to leave well alone. If he wants a model of an orderly legislative chamber, better take St. Pancras Vestry. However, must make my report, and leave responsibility to Ministers. Have made good many notes, and illustrated them by sketch of House. Think you'd rather like a copy for your Mikado Punch. Was a Two-Sworded Man in my time, and could draw a sword with anyone. Now draw only with pen and pencil. But I think you'll say I do it pretty faithfully."

Business done.—Sir HENRY HOLLAND, and half-a-dozen other Members, under guise of "calling attention" to affairs in Transvaal, deliver speeches prepared last July when HOLLAND was Counted Out on a Tuesday night. Opportunity for FORSTER to be friendly to his late colleagues, of which, in his ruggedly honest manner, he makes the most. CHAMBERLAIN fretful under loss of time.

"I wish," says he, "when the Dutch took Holland, they had kept him, and let us get on with the Franchise Bill."

Thursday Night.—Nothing particular to do just now in way of business. House met for Autumn Session, apparently under great pressure. But that's only how it looks. Really all come to Town for fun of the thing, and weary for something to do. To-night, dulness varied by little stand-up fight between the Noble Woodcock and the Birmingham Pet. Woodcock "fancied" himself, but was soon nowhere. The Pet knocked him out of time in single round, though a pretty long one. Ring crowded; betting from the first five to one on the Pet. After first half-hour ran up to twenty to one—no takers.

"Fancy RANDOLPH will let him alone after this," said CHILDERS. "Not a bit of it," says DILKE. "RANDOLPH, amongst other great qualities, has that of never knowing when he's beaten. In fact, doesn't much care how it goes. Would of course rather win than lose, but, rather than give up his sport, would take his whacking. He'll be at it again to-morrow night, or certainly next week."

Business grew little dreary after CHAMBERLAIN finished. CHAPLIN and one or two others walked around to show their muscle, but nobody minded much. MUNTZ, the new North Warwickshire man, made maiden speech.

"Nothing maidenly about it," says WILFRID LAWSON, "except its inconsequence."

CHAMBERLAIN evidently acts on the mind of MUNTZ like red flag to a gored bull. Poor STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, a mild bystander, drawn into the fray, evidently much against his will.

"I'm tired of this alliance, TOBY," he said. "It wasn't much different before, I know. When RANDOLPH ran his head against a stone wall, I had to go with him, taking the Party along. But I sometimes had satisfaction of calling him 'a bonnet.' Now he drags me into the mire or against the wall, and I have to go saying polite things of him. I wish GLADSTONE would make him a Peer. It's all very well SALISBURY talking about patience. Let him have RANDOLPH sitting by his side every night of a Session, and see where he'll be."

Immense gathering of Tories to "smash CHAMBERLAIN." RANDOLPH worked round Parnellites, and got their immoderate vote.

"Our Kilmainham Treaty not very binding," HARCOURT said to him. "Fancy if we were to reckon up, would find Parnellites vote five times as often with you as to us."

Great cheering from Opposition when figures announced majority only 36.

"That's very well," STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said; "but if I were RANDOLPH would rather have the majority 136, and CHAMBERLAIN's speech not on record." *Business done.*—None.

Friday Night.—Mr. TOOTH MACIVER up from Brighton, full of business, and smiling through spectacles little more vaguely than usual. When at Doctor Blimber's he learned something of political economy. Now obliges House with Essay on Protection. Interesting, but a little incoherent. About twenty Members present, ten of them with speeches in their pocket, and eight asleep.

Business done.—Franchise Bill put off another day.

A MATTER FOR THE CHURCH AND STAGE GUILD.—The Actor who twenty-five years ago swore, and who, a quarter of a century afterwards, defiantly gloried in the fact on his own Stage.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

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"TO MESSRS. PEARS." *MARY ANDERSON.*

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